THE CORNUTOR OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

Being a genuine NARRATIVE of the

LIFE, ADVENTURES, and AMOURS,

OF

Don Ricardo Honeywater,

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians at *Madrid*, *Salamanca*, and *Toledo*; and President of the Academy of Sciences in *Lapland*.

CONTAINING,

Amongst many other diverting Particulars, his Intrigue with *Dona Maria W———s*, of *Via Vinculosa*, anglice, *Fetter-Lane*, in the City of *Madrid*.

Written originally, in Spanish, *by the Author of* Don Quixot, *and translated into* English *by a Graduate of the College of* Mecca *in* Arabia.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the following Tract was design'd, by the Author, as a Novel, or is really a true History of Don *Ricardo*, is much disputed by the learned Critics: Some, who are acquainted with the facetious Humour of the Author of Don *Quixot*, can scarce believe that fanciful Gentleman cou'd ever write any thing but Fiction, and that he intended this little Piece as a Satire upon the conceited Humour of a great many Gentlemen of the Faculty of Physicians, in his Time; and that there is nothing particularly aim'd against the Person of Don *Ricardo*, more than the rest of his

Tribe, who are poſſeſs'd of the ſame Foibles: Others, again, pretend to ſpy ſomething of a ſerious Turn in the Narration, not peculiar to the Style of a Romance, and contend, that it is a real Portrait of a Perſon then exiſting, and no fictitious Character: It is certain, ſay they, that ſuch a Perſon as Don *Ricardo* really lived, and was the moſt eminent Man in the Profeſſion of Phyſick in the whole Monarchy of *Spain*, and, it is ſaid, had ſome very particular Whims, which all great Men have their Share of, which that romantick Author has laid hold of, and mixing them with ſome Fable, which it was impoſſible for one of his Humour to avoid, produced our *Cornutor*. I am not at Leiſure, at preſent, to ſettle the Diſpute on both Sides, nor indeed am I able to ſatisfy myſelf about it. It afforded Matter of much Conteſt between the Univerſities of *Toledo* and *Salamanca*, and was never

never ſettled at laſt, though much had been ſaid on both Sides; but be it a true Narration, or only the Product of the Author's Brains, this little Treatiſe has been very well receiv'd by all the learned and unlearned World: It has been tranſlated into ſeventeen Languages, and has undergone as many Editions in all of them. Among ſo many Verſions, it's impoſſible but ſome Errors muſt have crept in, and, it's believed, even in ſome Copies of the original *Spaniſh*, it has been interpolated in ſome Places, and miſerably caſtrated in others, either thro' the Malice, Ignorance, or Prepoſſeſſions of the Tranſcribers; but that the *Engliſh* Readers might reap the Pleaſure of a correct and pure Verſion, I had all the Seventeen collated together, by the greateſt Profeſſors of the ſeveral Languages. But that did not pleaſe me; *I found innumerable Contradictions, vulgar Expreſſions, and Incorrectneſs of Style,* quite

quite inconſiſtent with the Dignity of the Original: I had Recourſe then to all the Libraries in *Spain*, wherein I ſuſpected Manuſcripts might be found, and, at laſt, by the Favour of my very worthy and learned Friend, the Profeſſor of Phyſick in *Salamanca*, I procur'd a Copy of a *Latin* Verſion, which had been done from the Original under Don *Ricardo*'s *own Direction*, as the Title Page expreſſes. Being thus ſecure of the Purity of the Text, I ſet about the Tranſlation, which I have labour'd, all in my Power, to work up to the Sublimity of Sentiment, and Dignity of Style, ſo peculiar to my Author; and I can ſay of this, as hath been ſaid of the reſt of my Author's Works, that every one of my Readers hath a Pleaſure to come, 'till they read the following Narrative.

The CORNUTOR *of* Seventy-five, &c.

AT what Time, or in what Reign, Don *Ricardo Honeywater*, the Subject of the following Pages, was born, is not very material to my Readers; and, for some Reasons known only to myself, they must excuse me if I conceal that Particular; let it suffice, that he flourish'd some Time since the Reign of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, and, by his great Talents and profound Erudition, enrich'd the Physical World with Discoveries equally surprising and beneficial with those made by *Columbus* in the *American* Sphere.

He was not indeed nobly born, but his Parents were some few Degrees remov'd from the Vulgar, and enabled to give *Ricardo* a very liberal Education at the University of *Salamanca*. He pass'd his Course of Philosophy with great Applause, and tho' no bright Genius hitherto discovered itself, yet, by meer Dint of Application, he acquired more of the Out-lines of Literature than Lads of brighter

Parts

Parts could attain in a much longer Standing. The Slowneſs of his Apprehenſion, and the Gravity of his Aſpect, which his fond Parents miſtook for Solidity of Judgment, determin'd *Ricardo* to the Study of Phyſick. He turn'd over with great Patience and Induſtry, all the Works of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, and *Ariſtotle*, with innumerable Folio Volumes of ancient old Women, famous, in their Days and Generation, for their Skill in all, or any of, the Branches of the Medical Art. *Ricardo* had a tenacious Memory, and could retain the Names and Title Pages of all the Volumes he had read, and even, on a Pinch, could recollect ſome of the Gleanings of Phyſical Science, which he had pick'd out of the Inſide of that Heap of Rubbiſh, which he took Care to diſplay on all Occaſions, eſpecially in his Exerciſes in the publick Hall, where he often puzzled the Profeſſor with Caſes, and Names of Doctors he had never heard of, which *Ricardo* had pick'd out of muſty Volumes, Nobody ever peep'd into but himſelf. The Profeſſor, on theſe Occaſions, always applauded *Ricardo*'s Diligence; not caring to contradict him, leſt he ſhould be put to the painful Labour of ſearching into theſe mouldy Records to refute his crude Conceptions.

By this Diſplay of ancient Knowledge, and the Indolence of the Profeſſor, not much vers'd in that kind of Study, *Ricardo* gain'd the

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Pre-eminence, in Fame, of all his Fellow Students, and a Degree of Self-Conceit, which never left him till his Death, and obſcur'd, in ſome Meaſure, his real Phyſical Capacity: For, while he remain'd at the Univerſity, he found his Quotations of remote Authors of ſuch great Uſe in all Arguments, that ſometimes, when his Memory fail'd him in real Caſes, he rack'd his Invention to ſupply the Deficiency with fictitious ones, which never had any Exiſtence; and tho' his Genius was not over pregnant on any other Occaſion, yet his Talent ſeem'd to be wonderfully fruitful in this Way; ſo that, let him advance the moſt abſurd Doctrine in Nature, he was never at a Loſs for the Authority of ſome old Doctor to eſtabliſh his Opinion, and confound his Antagoniſt: But, unhappily for *Ricardo*, at one particular Occaſion his inventive Faculty ſhot him a Point beyond his Mark, and brought his future Quotations into great Diſrepute: He had been appointed to impugn a Theſis publickly, and finding himſelf pinch'd in the Argument by his Opponent, he had Recourſe to his old Trick of forging Caſes and Authorities. He related, with great Accuracy, the Proceſs of a very remarkable Caſe, and charg'd the Relation upon a noted Doctor among the *Arabians*. The Caſe was in Point, and very much puzzled *Ricardo*'s Antagoniſt, who, at laſt, recollecting himſelf, told him, he had read that Doctor's Works, but did not remember that Caſe;

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and aſk'd, where it might have happen'd? *Ricardo* reply'd, very dogmatically, that he could not help his Ignorance; but that the Caſe was to be ſeen in the Doctor's Manuſcript, and was performed in ſuch a City in *Arabia*. The Sound of the Name happen'd not to agree with the young Student's Ear, who underſtood *Arabick* very well, and told *Ricardo*, that he believed there was no ſuch City in any of the *Arabias*. The Map was appeal'd to, but none ſuch to be found; for the City he had mention'd was the Name of a ſmall Promontory near the Cape of *Good Hope*. At laſt the Manuſcript was alſo appeal'd to, but neither City nor Caſe was to be met with. *Ricardo* had the Laugh of the whole College, and ever after it became a By-Word among the Students, on any falſe Quotation, *It's only in* Ricardo's *Brains, where he found the* Arabian *City*.

This was the only Rub *Ricardo* met with at the Univerſity, which he ſoon got over by the meer Force of Effrontery, and went on, as formerly, in the Study of the Phyſical Fathers, and dictating from them in their genuine Spirit of Gravity, and became, in a few Years, the Oracle of *Salamanca*, where only the Theory of Phyſick was talk'd of; for there was, in that City, but little Opportunity to put their wiſe Notions in Practice. And now *Ricardo*, having taken his Degrees, which the College was very willing to give him, tho'

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meerly to get rid of his dogmatick Humour, jump'd into the World a moſt exquiſite knowing Phyſician. He made his firſt Appearance at the Village where his Father and Mother liv'd, and would fain have begun his Practice on the old People; but the good Man, his Father, could not be perſuaded that he was ſick, notwithſtanding all his Son's Arguments to prove him ſo; therefore he was obliged to remain ſome Time without Patients. But at laſt, wearied of his preſent Obſcurity, and fretting at the Healthfulneſs of his Native Soil, he reſolved to leave it, and ſet out for *Madrid*, where he believed his Phyſical Talents would ſoon be made publick.

Fortune was favourable to our young Doctor, and did more for him than all the Knowledge of *Galen* and *Hippocrates*; for, in his Way to *Madrid*, he put up at a Houſe where a Valet de Chambre of the Catholick King's Phyſician had been detain'd by a ſlight Fever, for ſome Days. The Young Man, who had not, in that Part of the Country, the Opportunity of calling a Doctor, was rejoiced to hear there was one alighted; and the Doctor was no leſs pleas'd that he had found a Patient. Upon underſtanding the Quality of the ſick Man, and that he was a Domeſtick of the King's Phyſician, he approach'd him with all the Phyſical Ceremony he was Maſter of, in order to give the Patient a venerable Idea of his Capacity and Judgment, and believing that every thing

about a Phyſician, even his Mule, muſt have heard of *Galen*, and the reſt of them; he repeated as many Aphoriſms in *Greek* as he could remember, and read his Patient a Lecture, at leaſt, of two Hours, upon the Diagnoſticks, Prognoſticks, *&c.* of his Diſtemper, pronounced him in a very bad and dangerous Caſe, tho', God knows, there was nothing particular or alarming in any of the Symptoms that appear'd, before the Doctor took him in Hand; but the Young Fellow hearing ſo much learned Language beſtow'd upon his Caſe, judg'd himſelf in a deſperate Way; and, in a little Time, ſuch is the powerful Effect of Imagination, his Fever encreas'd, not without ſome malignant Symptoms, as the Doctor term'd them; but by the Help of Opiates and Epiſpaſticks he was thrown into a Delirium, out of which he was dragg'd by a plentiful Courſe of Phlebotomy, Gliſters, and other Evacuations of the moſt potent Tribe. The Doctor did all he could to make him really ill, but, in Spite of *Galen*, Nature got the better, and the Youth began to betray ſome Hopes of out-living the Doctor, at leaſt, for this Bout; all which *Ricardo* attributed to his profound Skill, and the Patient had not Judgment enough, in the Miſteries of Phyſick, to diſpute the Matter: He was fully perſuaded he had been bad, by what Means he could not ſuſpect; he was now recovered; who could he thank for it but the Doctor?

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As ſoon as Strength would permit, the Patient and the Doctor ſet out for *Madrid*; and the Young Man could do no leſs than introduce *Ricardo* to his Maſter, as one who had ſav'd his Life. The King's Phyſician, who, by the Bye, was no Conjurer, receiv'd our young Doctor with great Politeneſs; and *Ricardo* preſented him with his Servant's Caſe in Writing, wherein he had taken Care to quote ſome great ancient Doctor for every Preſcription he had given him, and larded it ſo ſtrongly with *Greek*, (a Language of which the King's Phyſician did not underſtand one Word) that the old Gentleman, for Fear of diſcovering his Ignorance, was obliged to admire *Ricardo*'s great Learning; and from that Minute they commenc'd an intimate Friendſhip, to the great Misfortune of many Thouſands in the City of *Madrid*.

Ricardo ſoon found out the Royal Phyſician's blind Side, and diſcover'd his Ignorance of the ancient Authors and their Practice, tho' he ſaw he had no Inclination to confeſs that Deficiency. In all Caſes, as at the Univerſity, every Argument, tho' ſupported by Reaſon and Experience, was knock'd down by ſome *ipſe dixit* of the ancient Dons, who were always of *Ricardo*'s Opinion; and by this Means he obtain'd an Aſcendant over his Patron, which he took Care to keep up in the ſtricteſt Manner as long as he liv'd.

Ricardo,

Ricardo, by the Countenance of the good-natur'd Phyſician, ſtole into Practice, and now ſet up for a Dictator in Phyſick: He abhorr'd every Thing that was modern, except his own Inventions, and thoſe he deliver'd as Oracles, and always ſupported his Practice, however abſurd, by it's Analogy with ſome obſcure Ancient, who had nothing but mouldy Antiquity to recommend him to a Place in his Library.

His Intereſt with the great Dons, who ſubmitted to him, partly to conceal their own Ignorance, and partly out of indolent Good-nature, made him the Tyrant of all young Practitioners, who muſt ſubmit to his Method of Practice or ſtarve: For *Ricardo* had form'd a Juncto of the firſt Rate Dons in Faſhion, who laid down what Rules or *Precepts* they pleas'd to the whole Faculty, while they took the Liberty to alter any thing in their own Practice, as the Whim took them: By this Means, if *Ricardo* pleas'd to pronouce Apples Poiſon, the whole Body of *Galeniſts* ſwallow'd his Doctrine and abhorr'd Apples; and if he took it into his Head to recommend *Arſenick*, in Scruples, as a ſalubrious Doſe, it was preſcrib'd, without the leaſt Remorſe or Heſitation, by the ſupple Tribe of complying Doctors.

The King's Phyſician dies, and *Ricardo* adds Don to his Name and ſteps into his Place, and reign'd the ſole Monarch of the Phyſical World,

World, at leaſt, as far as the Power of *Spain* reach'd. But, like all ſovereign Princes and great Men, he had his Envyers and Detractors; and truly, he managed Things with ſuch a high Hand, that the Sons of *Eſculapius* muſt have been void of all Spirit, or Senſe of Liberty, if they had not made one Puſh for their Freedom.

Some Diſputes aroſe in the College about the Treatment of kyb'd-Heels, which afforded a Handle to the Phyſical Malecontents to ſhow their Spleen at Don *Ricardo*: The Caſe was this; A Friend of the Don's, and one of the Triumvirate, who kept every body elſe in Slavery, happen'd to miſcarry in a Caſe of kyb'd-Heels he had under his Cure. At firſt Sneers and Surmiſes were handed about, which gave the Juncto the Alarm, and made them fancy their Power was in Danger: They, to ſupport their Credit with the People, clubb'd their Wits for a Treatiſe, or Collection of Letters, on the Subject of kyb'd Heels. Thus a Paper-War commenced, in which the Don and his Friends met with ſome ſevere Rubs, deliver'd in a Strain of Humour ill becoming the boaſted Gravity of the College. As long as Arguments, or the Shadow of them, could ſtand them in any Stead, they us'd 'em; but their Fund being ſoon exhauſted, and ſome Volleys of Wit being play'd off at them, the Don could ſtand it no longer with any Degree of Patience; but, laying aſide the

the grave Pace and ſolemn Gate, dreſſes himſelf in a ſhort Jacket, light Pumps, and a Night-Cap Wigg, with a Toledo of an unmerciful Size by his Side, and a Truncheon as large as *Hercules*'s Club in his Hand: Thus equipp'd, and full of dreadful Wrath, he iſſues out on a fatal Day, between the Hours of Twelve and One, to a Coffee-Houſe, to which the Chief of the Malecontents uſually reſorted. The Appearance of the Don, in this Maſquerade Habit, drew the Attention of all the Company in the Houſe, except the Gentleman who was moſt concern'd in the Metamorphoſis: He happen'd to be up in a Corner, taking a comfortable Nap in an Elbow Chair. Don *Ricardo*, rolling his dreadful Eyes about the Room, eſpy'd him in this unguarded Poſture, ſteps haſtily up to him, and with a ſound Thwack of the heavy Truncheon, rouz'd the ſleeping Doctor from his Slumber; the Stroke, beſides bruiſing the Pericranium a little, tho' not much, for it happen'd to be of a comfortable Thickneſs, diſcompos'd the Oeconomy of his Specifick Wig, and ſet it to one Side: Starting up, and rubbing his Eyes a little, he lugg'd out his Sword, and made a full Paſs at the Don, which ſo diſmay'd the latter, that he had neither Courage to reiterate the Blow, nor to draw in his Defence. The Doctor's Puſh paſs'd through one of the Skirts of *Ricardo*'s Jacket, and graz'd upon the Waiſtband of his Breeches, but

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went no deeper: However, that open'd a Vein in the Don, which became perceptible to all the Houſe, and made them rejoice that he truſted more to his Heels than the Proweſs of his Arm. When he took Flight in this ill-ſavour'd Wind, they ſtopp'd the Doctor in his Purſuit, and allow'd the Don to get into his Chariot without further Damage.

This Scuffle, which the Paſquinades of thoſe Days deſcrib'd at full Length, furniſh'd the City and Suburbs with Matter of Mirth for ſeveral Days, and put an End, in ſome Meaſure, for that Time, to the ſerious Part of the Diſpute about kyb'd Heels: For the Don's Party found they loſt Ground, when they attack'd either by Blows or Argument; and then the other Party, beſides Reaſon, had a miſchievous Auxiliary call'd Wit, which always ſet the Don's Teeth ſo much on Edge, that he would uſe a Circumlocution of a Mile long, before he would allow it to mingle in his Converſation; and the leaſt Reſemblance of it, tho' in the Shape of a Conundrum in the Mouth of his Enemy, was worſe than a Third Day's Ague.

However, tho' this was the Event of this inteſtine War in the Phyſical World, it had its Effect; for it put Don *Ricardo* upon commencing Author, and the Spleen he conceiv'd againſt the Doctor, of the curſt Scuffle, ſupply'd him with a Kind of Seaſoning to his Performance, which otherwiſe would have

been very unpalatable: For it's obſervable, that the Don could not write a Line, even twenty Years after his Antagoniſt was laid in his Grave, without loading his Memory with the moſt virulent low-liv'd Invectives, and that in Spight of Decency, Common Senſe, or the Tenor of his Subject, which led him on quite a different Scent. However, as Scandal and Detraction is wonderfully pleaſing to the Bulk of Mankind, the Don, by now and then interlarding his Prefaces, *&c.* with that Kind of Stuff, ſaved many Impreſſions of his Labours from the Paſtry-Cooks and Cheeſemongers, and plac'd them under the Protection of goſſipping old Women, who generally love Scandal in their Hearts, and hate Panegyrick as much as the Don does Wit.

The firſt Production of the Doctor's prov'd to be a Diſcourſe on all the Plagues of *Egypt*, where he takes Occaſion to trace them to their original Fountain in *Africa*, and lays down a Scheme for preventing the propagating of the Peſt, by encloſing all that Quarter of the World with a Brick-Wall of Forty Feet high and Twenty Feet thick, to be guarded by a Million of Soldiers, draughted out of all Parts of the World, and maintain'd at the Expence of the ſeveral Potentates on Earth. He propoſed himſelf to go, as Embaſſador, to the Emperor of *Morocco* and *Preſter John*, to perſuade theſe Princes to

conſent, amicably, to perpetual Impriſonment; and, if his Eloquence could not prevail on theſe Barbarians, he intended to form a League with the Emperors of *Japan*, *China*, and the *Great Mogul*, to force them into Durance, whether they would or not.

In another Treatiſe, he proves all Kind of Poiſon and contagious Diſeaſes to be the Growth of the ſame Place, and makes it as plain as a Pike-Staff, that the Bite of a Rattle-Snake is abſolute Death without a proper Antedote; and that this Reptile receiv'd the firſt Seeds of it's malignant Quality from it's Commerce with the other Monſters of *Africa*, tho' it ſhould be found in *Virginia* and *Maryland*, half the Globe diſtant from that Quarter of the World. All theſe wonderful Diſcoveries he quotes moſt ancient Authorities for; and, in particular, to prove the Neceſſity, Probality, and great Utility of his Scheme for incloſing *Africa:* He cites the wiſe and prudent Conduct of the *Hottentots* of the Cape of *Good Hope*, and proves, by an Argument, *ad Hominem*, that ſince ſo wiſe a People as the *Hottentots*, inhabiting a Part of that Continent, uſe the ſame Method propoſed in ſimilar Circumſtances, the whole of *Africa* cannot complain of Injuſtice, ſince they themſelves have furniſh'd an Example.

Theſe learned Lucubrations of the Don's met with ſo good a Reception from the Literati of that Age, that he fancy'd himſelf

an Oracle, and presently set up for a Conjurer, under the pompous Title of *Astrologer General* to the *Spanish* Empire. He became principal Secretary to all the Planets, and Prime Minister to the Sun and Moon, of whose Powers and Faculties he wrote a learned and elaborate Treatise; proving, that not a Plant could grow without Leave of the Sun, and that we should be all Frozen to Death, in one Winter, if it was not for the powerful Influence of that warm Luminary. He discover'd such Depth of Science and profound Erudition, in this, and all his other Works, that if *Solomon* had been alive he had burnt his *Proverbs*, as not to be put in Competition with the shrewd Observations of this Prince of Physicians. He wrote them all in *Latin*, disdaining to permit his learned Labours to be defiled with the vulgar Dialect of *Spain*; and pretended to write that Language in a pure *Ciceronian* Style, tho' some could smell the Brogue of *Arragon* in most of his Compositions, and that the *Spanish* Idiom was so thinly varnish'd over with old *Latin*, it was easily seen thro'.

However, tho' the Doctor disdain'd to write himself in plain *Spanish*, he vouchsafed, for the Sake of his Bookseller, (a good honest well-meaning Tradesman) to superintend a Translation into the vulgar Tongue; but would by no Means permit any other Version to pass upon the World, lest the sublime

Dignity

Dignity of the Text ſhould be debas'd or miſtaken: He apprehended there ought to be as much Care taken in tranſcribing his Works, as there was in the *Septuagint* Verſion of the *Bible*; and that a Grammatical Blunder was of equal Conſequence to the well-being of Mankind.

The laſt Production of this celebrated Don's was an accurate Treatiſe on *kyb'd-Heels* and *Chil-Blains*. He thought now his Reputation as a Phyſician, Author, and Aſtrologer, ſo firmly eſtabliſh'd, eſpecially as his former Antagoniſts were twenty Years dead, that he thought it high Time to give the finiſhing Stroke to that important Controverſy.

The Work was long prepar'd, often peruſed, alter'd and amended; at laſt it appear'd with a prodigious Eclat, and ſeem'd to be the *ne plus ultra* of Phyſical Science. He traces kyb'd-Heels to their Source in *Africa*, and leads them by the Hand all over *Europe*, *Aſia* and *America*, diſtinguiſhes them into ſeveral Claſſes, and, like *Adam* at the Creation, beſtows on each Species it's diſtinct Name, ſignificant of all it's malignant Marks, Symptoms and Qualities, and proceeds with ſolemn Gravity to deliver oraculous Precepts for the Cure of this Enemy to the Supporters of human Kind. In ſhort, he is ſo full and explicite, that a blind Man, by feeling, might know when his Heels was kyb'd, and the meereſt old Woman might, by following theſe

Precepts,

Precepts, cure them, if they happen'd not to be monſtrouſly malignant, which, he ſays, ſometimes they are, ſo much as even to baffle the Skill of the Doctor, and the Influence of the Sun and Moon.

But ſuch was the Doctor's Modeſty, that he endeavours to prop his own Diaphanous Arguments with the weighty Opinion of a *Siberian* Doctor, who, about Five Hundred Years ago, travell'd as Phyſician in Ordinary to the Serene Baron *Brun*, during his Peregrinations in that learned Country, and wrote a curious Treatiſe on the Subject of kyb'd-Heels.

This celebrated Manuſcript the Doctor purchaſed from a *Greek* Merchant, at a great Expence, and had it tranſlated into *Latin*, out of the *Siberian* Tongue, by a learned Profeſſor at *Moſcow*, and annex'd it verbatim to his own Treatiſe. This Piece was of ſingular Advantage to the Public; for therein, tho' he preſcribes a quite different Regimen from what would agree with a *Spaniſh* Conſtitution; yet he proves clearly, that kyb'd-Heels are kyb'd-Heels, and that the Patient may either die, or live, as God pleaſeth; which are Points that were not before ſo clearly underſtood, nor believed, 'till the Authority of Don *Ricardo*, agreeing with Baron *Brun*'s Phyſician, ſettled it beyond Contradiction. Another Advantage, which flow'd from this Treatiſe, was, that it being one

one Half the Book, ſwell'd the Price from that of an ordinary Pamphlet, to that of a ſizeable Volume, and prov'd of Double the Advantage to honeſt Mr. *Title-Page*, the Don's Bookſeller; and then made a more portly Figure, when curiouſly gilt on the Back, if it ſhould chance to be condemn'd, for it's Sins, to ſome unmoleſted Shelf in an unread Library.

This Tract the Don valued himſelf much upon; and, I am told, he once reſolv'd to beſtow Twenty Years in ſuperintending the vulgar Verſion; which, for Mr. *Title-Page*'s Sake, was carrying on by the Don's Cabinet-Keeper; and that he deſign'd to procure a Bull from the Pope, back'd by the Power of the Inquiſition, to make it damnable Hereſy in any one to alter the ſacred Text, or preſume to read any other Tranſlation than this long look'd-for one, under his *own Direction:* But, 'tis ſaid, he dropt this Deſign, finding it impracticable.

But 'tis Time to have done with the Doctor's Tranſactions as an Author, and the learned Part of his Life; let me only add, that he affected to be a Philoſopher and Antiquary, and purchaſed an infinite Number of expenſive Rarities: But his great Talent lay in curious gilt Books, expenſive Verſions, and learned Manuſcripts, no Matter in what Science, Language, or of what Uſe; ſo they

were

were uncommon and learned, they were the Doctor's Purchase. He carried this Foible a great Length, and was often bubbled by those who had found it out, but never more than by an *Armenian Jew*, who pretended to sell him a *Chinese* Manuscript, writ by the famous *Confucius:* The Writing had all the outward Marks of grey-hair'd Antiquity, and the Don was so eager to be possess'd of so inestimable a Treasure as any Thing under the Hand of that great Moralist *Confucius*, that he swallowed the Bait, and gave the *Jew* his own Price, which was pretty unconscionable. The Don immediately sent for a Jesuit, who had been upon the *Chinese* Mission, and shewed him the Curiosity, but the good Father could not understand the Character, tho' he said he could read some *Chinese*, but not all their Writings. This did not put the Don out of Conceit with his Purchase; he was sure it was genuine, and would not be persuaded to the contrary, but he wanted much to hear a little of it read; he tried many, but none could decypher the Writing: At last, he shewed it to a Monk of the Convent of *Irish Benedictines*, who no sooner cast his Eye upon it, than he swore by his Shoul and St. *Patrick*, but it was *Irish*, and the History of the Giant *Phan M'Coul*, noted in the *Irish* Legend, out of which this had been stolen. The Don was thunder-struck to be trick'd out of 1500

Pistoles

Piſtoles for an old *Iriſh* Tale not worth a Crown, but begg'd of the Monk not to reveal it, leſt he ſhould be laugh'd at, and the Character of his Collection of Oriental Manuſcripts called in Queſtion. The Monk had the *Iriſh* Hiſtory for keeping the Secret, which he blabb'd to the next he met, and at laſt made it quite public.

Pictures, Buſts, and Bronzes, were other Foibles of his, which drained his Treaſure pretty much; but he was ſo much the Doctor in Faſhion, that half the Treaſure of the *Flotilla* was purged and bled into his Coffers, to ſupply him with Money to throw away on the meereſt Trifles, under the Notion of Relicts and Curioſities. 'Tis true, to theſe fantaſtical Pleaſures he added ſome more ſenſual and leſs reſerv'd: He kept the moſt luxurious Table in all *Madrid*, and drank the richeſt Wines that could be purchaſed for Money; and, while young, a Brace or two of the moſt delicate *Bona Robas*, to ſolace with at Night, as could be pick'd up by the moſt experienced Pimps of *Spain* and *Italy*.

Tho', to do him Juſtice, I believe the eating and drinking Bout was rather from a Principle of Hoſpitality than to pleaſe his own Palate: He had many good Qualities, and that of Hoſpitality none of the leaſt of them, and would undoubtedly have made a conſiderable Figure in the Annals of Phyſick,

 had

had he been leſs ſenſible of his own Abilities, granted ſome ſmall Toleration for differing from his *ipſe dixit*, and been pleas'd to be leſs infallible than he was.

But all this could not keep off old Age and it's Attendants: The Doctor was young in Perſon as long as he could, and remained youthful in Imagination when Age had chill'd his vital Heat, and left him a wither'd Stump of what he once was. It was in this Decline of Life he happen'd to fall acquainted with Dona *Maria W——s* of *Via Vinculoſa*, which happen'd in this Manner.

Dona *Maria* was about Twenty-five, of a florid Complexion, briſk wanton Eyes, and a Temper wonderfully facetious after her Way; her Shape was eaſy, and her Stature of the middle Size: In a Word, ſhe was what may be called an agreeable Woman, but low-bred, and married to an *Iriſh* Renegade, not much above her own Years: They were both expenſive and very poor, with very few Principles of Virtue betwixt them. Thus much for Dona's Character. She chanced to be taken ill, and, living not far from Don *Ricardo*'s Houſe, was acquainted with Doctor *Chimney*, likewiſe an *Iriſhman*, Keeper of the Don's Cabinet of Rarities: Application was made to Doctor *Chimney* to viſit his Countryman's Wife, which he did, and found her ſo bad, that he thought proper to aſk the Don's Opi-

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nión of her Caſe, and artfully painted her Perſon and Circumſtances in ſuch Manner, as to raiſe both the Don's Compaſſion and Curioſity to ſee her: The Bait took, and the Don drove in his Chariot to the afflicted Fair; who received the old Doctor in the moſt agreeable *Diſhabille* ſhe could put on: He gravely felt her Pulſe, but peep'd at her ſnowy Boſom, and fancied more than he ſaw; Deſign and Accident diſcovered more and more of her Charms, 'till the old Don was more in a Fever than his Patient. But not to dwell on too minute Circumſtances, the Don was enamour'd, the Lady recovered, was courted, and, with her Huſband's Conſent, received the Addreſſes of Don *Ricardo;* She ſhewed all the Reluctance that was neceſſary, to inflame her Lover and enhance her Price; and at laſt, when Things were brought to her Mind, ſhe ordered her Huſband to a Tournament at *Seville*, and made the Don allow Money ſufficient for his Charges, and appointed that Night to make the Youth of Seventy-five compleatly happy.

Whatever Expectations the Don might have, Dona *Maria* had none, very warm, from this Rencounter: She had made herſelf Amends before her Huſband went away, and waited only the Hour, in Hopes of a little Mirth at the Expence of her old Lover.

The Minute came, and Dona and the Don are now in Bed, well warmed and richly perfumed, and Nature ſtimulated by the Power of Drugs; but the genial Heat was gone, the pendant Veſſels could never be replete, nor raiſed by Art to their priſtine Vigour. The old Youth claſped the longing Nymph, with feeble Eagerneſs, in his withered Arms, and ſhe yielded to the fœtid Embrace; but, in the critical Minute, his Courage failed him, and, full of Remorſe, he ſhrunk into his feeble State of Inactivity: Thus baffling, and baffled, they paſs'd an Hour or two, to the great Mortification of both. At laſt, a Thought ſtruck the Nymph in the Head, which ſhe hinted to the Don. She was ſoon underſtood, and the Scheme was put in Practice with as much Severity as ever Pedant flogg'd his Pupil. The Don's Poſteriors were taught a Feeling, if nothing elſe was; but all in vain. This Night's Campaign contributed nothing to cure the Don's Itch of Blood, and ſeveral ſucceſſive Nights had no better Effect; they only convinced him of the Frailty of the Fleſh, and that his Part on the Stage was not to be active. From this Time he contents himſelf with ſurveying Dona *Maria*'s naked Beauties, preſſing her ſecret Charms, and in combing her red Locks. In this Kind of Dalliance, he paſſes away all his idle Hours, and now and then ſubmits to the School-Boy's Diſci-

Diſcipline to promote Perſpiration. The Huſband can ſit by, and ſee him play over all his Tricks, and laugh at his Weakneſs, while he lives in the greateſt Plenty and Splendor at the Doctor's Charge, indulging himſelf and Spouſe in all the Wantonneſs of Luxury and Vice, as ſecure of Supply and Protection from the doating Don. As an Inſtance of this, the complaiſant Huſband happen'd to be guilty of ſome ~~Vau Pa,~~ for which the Judges were ſo honeſt as to condemn him to a Twelve-month's Impriſonment, and ſtanding twice in the Pillory; but, by the Help of omnipotent Gold and the Don's Intereſt, the willing Cuckold was releaſed from his Confinement in a Week, and excuſed from the Pillory, and afterwards ſwagger'd away at all Bull-Fights, Tournaments, and other public Diverſions, as if no ſuch Diſgrace had happened to him. As for his Spouſe, the Don viſited her as publickly as if ſhe had been his own, or the moſt reputable Lady of all *Madrid:* So much did he think himſelf above Cenſure.

F I N I S.

Discipline to promote Reformation. — The Husband can lie by, and see him play over all his Tricks, and laugh at his Weakness, while he lives in the greatest Plenty and Splendor as the Doctor's Charge, including Lodgings and Sounds in all the Wantonness of Luxury and Vice, as secure of Supply and Protection from the Doctor. As an Instance of this, the complaining Husband happen'd to be guilty [illegible] for which the Judges were so honest as to condemn him to a Twelve-month's Imprisonment, and Ducking twice in the Pillory; but, by the Help of sunshine Gold and the Doctor's Interest, the willing Cuckold was released from his Confinement in a Week, and cleared from the Pillory, and afterwards livered away at all Public Places, Tournaments, and other public Diversions, as long as Diligence had appointed to him. As for his Sounds, the Doctor visited her as publickly as if she had been his own, or the most reputable Lady of all Mankind: So much did he think above Caution.